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708, uses *indutus est* in the same sense in which, in 702, he uses the perfect *induit*, to express the act, 'he put on'. This shows that *induere*, like *licere* and *placere*, had two forms of perfect, that is, that it might on occasion be a semideponent⁹. What was not possible for *licere* and *placere*¹⁰, its signification made possible for *induere*, namely, a specialization by which one form was used to express the act, the other usually the resultant condition¹¹.

(To be concluded)

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REVIEWS

The Poetry of Lucretius: A Lecture Delivered at the John Rylands Library, February 14, 1917. By C. H. Herford. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Co. (1918). Pp. 26. 1 sh.

This treatise comprises two parts: a brief but critical inquiry into the nature of real poetry, and an application of the results of this inquiry to Lucretius's *De Rerum Natura*.

Aristotle and many subsequent literary critics, including Lessing, maintained that poetry is imitation of human action. According to this principle all descriptive, allegorical, satirical, and didactic writing are outside the pale of poetry. But, if this is a true principle, the only real basis of genuine poetry, where are Horace and Juvenal, and Vergil and Dante and Milton, and Lucretius?

The author concludes that Goethe was much nearer the truth in his unstinted praise of Lucretius than was Lessing, who followed, it seems, a somewhat stereotyped interpretation of Aristotle, as to a valid principle underlying genuine poetry. He calls up also the great principle set forth by Wordsworth, that "poetry is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science". This principle gives an entirely new appearance to the domain of poetry. It recognises no poetry purely of man and no poetry purely of action.

⁹I say semideponent, not deponent, though Brugmann, Miss Knight, and also Bennett, *Syntax of Early Latin*, 2.222, use the form *induor*. The only present passive forms of *induere* known to me as taking the accusative are *induitur* (first in Vergil, *Aen.* 2.393, 7.640, used by Ovid, *Met.* 2.425, 8.50, 4.483, 11.179, 203, 589, 14.45; by Statius, *Theb.* 2.97, 6.734, Silius 5.140, 16.241, and Martial 8.48.2, in prose only by Curtius, 10.7.13) and *induuntur* (Pliny N. H. 8.194). This is not proof, so much of Latin literature being lost; but the evidence, so far as it goes, suggests that *induitur* was a new poetic formation, for metrical convenience, from *indutus sum*, and that Silver prose borrowed it from poetry.

¹⁰But was possible for *nubere*. Augustine, *Conf.* 9.13.37, uses *nupta est* as = *nupsit*; otherwise, so far as I know, the two forms have always different meanings.

¹¹Of course, therefore, the participle might be either active or passive, and the latter use finally prevailed; see Servius on *Aen.* 2.275. As active it occurs (besides the predicative instances cited above) in Plautus, *Men.* 512; Turpilius 74; Varro, *Sat. Men.* 121; *Aen.* 2.275, 5.264, 7.668, 11.487; Horace, *Epp.* 1.17.28; Propertius 3.13.11; Ovid, *Met.* 1.270, 5.51, 7.182, 14.262, F. 3.627; Livy, 27.37.16; Curtius 7.5.16, 8.3, 9.3; Velleius 2.41.2; Seneca, *De Vita Beata*, 13.3; Silius 2.558, 4.223, 8.134, 556; Tacitus, *Hist.* 2.20; Suetonius, *Cal.* 52, Nero 51. As passive it appears in Ennius, *Trag.* 391 (*induta fui*), Cicero, *N. D.* 2.63, *De Or.* 3.127 (*socios quibus indutus esset*); *Aen.* 5.674, 10.775, 11.83, 12.947; Ovid, *A. A.* 2.495 (v. lect. *inducta*); Curtius 4.15.27, 5.6.7, 8.2.36, 10.5.19; Petronius 127. That Cicero preferred the passive is interesting, but need not prevent us from accepting *pallam indutus* in *Rhet.* ad *Her.* 4.60. Plautus is good warrant for Sullan prose, and the construction is not a Hellenism.

Poetry, then, does not subsist in the mere choice of a subject from a particular field, but it does consist in the passion which lays hold of the material chosen from whatever source and forges it into a new and ethical entity. In this sense Lucretius is great among the greatest poets.

The poet's theme is hallowed of the holy fires burning in his breast. This was what Wordsworth meant by "impassioned": participation and response. In nature the true poet finds something which answers to his own spiritual needs. Nay he even finds himself. The measure of the value of the response he receives will be the measure of his mind, of his soul. The small poet does not find a response in nature, he puts a response into her mouth. This is futile. Such a poet has neither properly found himself in nature nor has he received any response from her. He has not interpreted nature to himself or to the world but has interrupted her in her effort to declare herself. Mr. Herford puts it thus (7-8):

If the <poet of finer genius> finds himself in Nature, it will not be his shallow fancies or passing regrets that he finds, but his furthest reach, and loftiest appetency of soul . . . he will feel after analogies to mind in the universe of things which mind contemplates and interprets.

Such analogies are (1) the sense of continuity which underlies all change in the material world, and (2) the discovery of infinity, which transcends the limitations of the senses and expresses itself (8) in "the love that knows no measure, in the spiritual hunger and thirst which are never stilled". Consequently, Mr. Herford maintains, we find ourselves aright in the universe in proportion as the universe sustains and gives scope for the unending reach of penetrating thought. The Stoics held that the universe was a globe with very definite boundaries. Epicurus's mind penetrated beyond these walls and the walls fell down. This stirs our thought and feeling mightily. But more yet are we moved by a Spinoza who declared that space and time themselves are only particular modes of a universe; or by a Dante, who, passing from earth, the center, through successive spheres surrounding the earth, brings us to the empyrean, where suddenly the whole perspective is inverted, and at the real center we see Deity.

But poetry does more than this. Poetry discovers in the world not merely analogies of mind but mind itself. This is the realm of onetime magic which peoples the air with spirits which man seeks to propitiate or to circumvent, quite as much the realm of poetry as the realm of religion. But with all the naivete once prevailing in this realm in primitive state it points to the subtler kinds of response which a ripper poetic insight may discover. Olympus and the hierarchy of heaven have forever passed, but that poetic fancy, while it read too high a degree of human personality into the members of that assembly of supreme beings, yet brought something from heaven to earth "which escapes the reasoned formulas of science", and justifies the

claim that poetic experience is an outlook, a vision of life with which, no less than those reached through philosophy and religion, the world of men must reckon.

The soul's poetic consciousness, therefore, has deeply affected the medium of ideas through which we are wont to interpret both nature and man. This poetic consciousness has imbued nature with something more than the analogies of continuity and eternal entity, and in its interpretation of man has raised into prominence the emotions and imagination of the soul. This creates and sustains in men heroism, prophecy, and affection; it revivifies the past and forecasts the future; it begets a conception of good and evil beyond that of natural codes. It links man to the past and joins him to the future; it makes him part and parcel of the world of objective and of subjective realities.

These are some of the ways in which a scientific poetry is possible. They are exemplified in Lucretius. Here the author introduces a brief account of the life and work of the great poet. As to the poet's refuted madness and suicide he says imply (10) that "no poem in the world bears a more powerful impress of coherent and continuous thought".

The poem *On the Nature of Things* is at once, says the author (10-11), a scientific treatise, a gospel of salvation, and an epic of nature and of man. In none of these was Lucretius entirely original. His science in general was that of Democritus; his gospel of salvation was that of Epicurus; Empedocles had written a great work on the nature of things. Of his own countrymen, Ennius, the old nature poet, was his only predecessor. Lucretius was a prophet of Epicureanism, a prophet among prophets of the faiths by which men live and die. More than this, Lucretius was beating out a path and blazing a trail which no human foot had trod. Democritus and Epicurus, it is true, had laid down principles as philosophical explanations of the universe upon which the latter would invite the world of thoughtful men to stand with him in a free contemplation of the universe and a calm pursuit of an untroubled existence. It was left for our poet to inspire in verse his friend Memmius, and, through him, the world at large, to the realization of that hope as a necessary acquisition.

In his ardent spirit and in his impassioned verse Lucretius transfigures Epicurus before us. That gentle recluse becomes a Prometheus, who undaunted scales the walls of the universe, unfolds the secrets of nature, brings back the truth to men and thereby lays low once regnant superstition.

Now as to the form of Lucretius's appeal. His claim to a poetic wreath is based on the greatness of this theme and the lucid style which is to be the purveyor of light to the darkened mind. What, then, of the subject of this great poem? It has two phases, a negative and a positive, a destructive and a constructive. The one is the annihilation of the old order of beliefs, and with that annihilation an exultant cry of joy that the veil has been rent asunder and nature revealed to view. With

this exultation the author compares Milton's exalted poetry in celebration of the passing of the pagan gods and of the birth of Christ. In this mighty work of demolition Lucretius is like the Hebrew prophet calling to witness truth as against error, and chastising the priests of Baal in the name of the God of righteousness (compare the account of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, 1.84-101, and his denunciation of the Stoic doctrine of an all-pervading deity, 5.1234 ff.). So carried away is the poet by the greatness of his theme that he sometimes almost shudders at the destructiveness of his own logic. 'What man is there whose heart does not shrink with terror of the gods . . . when the earth trembles at the lightning stroke?' (5. 1144; compare 3.863 ff.). On the constructive side Lucretius found a theory of the universe already propounded by Leucippus and Democritus and adopted by his great master Epicurus.

This sublime vision of a universe developed from atoms and void, in which changeless atoms abide in the midst of all cosmic changes, became for Lucretius a sacred passion. The theory was wholly his master's. But the point of view, the stress and accent, and the goal to be attained are all Lucretius's own. It is safe to say, the reviewer thinks, that the less persuasive and weakest parts of the poem are those in which the poet follows closely the details of his master's theory. As the author points out, the poet really comes to his own only when, breaking from such limitations, he traverses the infinities of time and space. Witness, in his refutation of the Stoic dogma that space is limited, his appeal to the archer to take his stand at that place and discharge his arrow into that nothingness, and the triumphant note in the question 'What then becomes of the arrow?'. The same high level is reached in the conception couched in the words *mortalem vitam mors cum immortalis ademit*.

As to the poet's appeal to Venus while holding to the doctrine of atoms the author states that the creative genius of the poet, while not philosophically denying the doctrine of Epicurus, was carried to an apprehension of the creative energies of the world so intensive and so fertile that the symbol of Venus rendered it for him with more veracity than all the mechanics of an atomism which he set forth at length and which he accepted as a logical explanation of the universe. But in the place accorded Mother Earth the reviewer believes that the poet's scientific imagination is more science than imagination from the poet's point of view. When the poet claims that the earth is not figuratively but literally the mother of mankind as she is the repository of the deceased bodies of all, he places her in an entirely different category from that in which Venus is placed.

In this way the author has well maintained his thesis that Lucretius combines the functions and temper and achievement of science and poetry. Lucretius's knowledge of the causes of things exalted him above the mass of mankind. And while he walked the empyrean and

gazed down at the world below, his whole effort was to help men to a better understanding of life. He had no social philosophy as such, but he felt for the world of men if haply he might heal them. His mighty genius took the sublime conceptions of an abstract system and turned them into a radiant vision. Rightly understood he half-consciously portrayed the universe as ruled by a living power of all-pervading love. Vergil, his greatest disciple, was profoundly influenced by him.

The treatise is a strong appeal for a rational and constructive understanding of a much misunderstood and often maligned poet. The author has brought vividly to our attention many points calculated to give us a better understanding and a more sympathetic interpretation of this great poet.

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ROBERT B. ENGLISH.

The Song of the Sirens and Other Stories. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company (1919). Pp. XII + 348. \$1.90.

The Preface to this collection claims the attention of the reader at once, especially if he cares to know of what stuff dreams may be made. The reviewer himself was early freed from any suffering from nightmares through the acquisition or the development of a sort of tutelary consciousness in his sleep, which told him while his dream personality was actually evolving horror upon horror that there was no reality about them and therefore no reason to worry. This doubling of his sleeping self was such a curious prophylactic that he once ventured to consult the psychologist William James about it, only to learn from him, of course, that he was not unique in his good fortune. But Mr. White has a much more valuable double personality; for, according to the self-revelations of his Preface, his dream experiences provide him with stories which his waking self can publish and we thoroughly enjoy. It is one of these that gives its name to the book.

The Song of the Sirens transports us far from Li Galli in the Gulf of Salerno, where most of us have seen the witch-birds, nor do the pair of Mr. White's vision bear much resemblance to those that Greeks soon after the Odyssey reached its final form saw pictured on Attico-Corinthian vases. With such a conception of the horrible and the beautiful combined as we have in this story Keats might have composed another Greek poem to match his *Lamia*. In origin the Sirens and the *Lamiae* are, after all, close associates, winged spirits of the dead, greedy for blood and love, but the former are the better singers, and our author subjects us almost uncomfortably to the spell of their song.

A better bit of fiction, however, is perhaps his historical story entitled *The Fases*, which owes its inspiration, it would seem, not to a dream, but to a passage in Frontinus's *Strategemata*. It should provoke discussion among classicists who have studied minutely the society in which Pompey, Caesar, Crassus, Antony, Clodius, and their women associates lived and intrigued politically and amatorially. Caesar conforms to

Shavian prescriptions and is as human as the new school of writers on things ancient could desire. His powers of invective match those of Cicero, not to say of a fishwife of Billingsgate. He calls Pulchellus a "nasty little tadpole" even as Catullus might have done. I fear that this is all true to life as it was at the end of the millenium.

Next in importance to us is the story of Iarbas. This "royal Moor" arrives after Dido's suicide, a day too late to kill Aeneas. Anna shocks him with an appraisal of the Trojan's dutiful infidelity that gives the keynote to the Aeneid, but sounds somewhat strange from the lips of a Carthaginian girl, who ought perhaps to be more like the women of Flaubert's *Salammbô* than like a Puritan maiden, if we are to humanize her at all.

The Right Man takes us to Sparta and sets forth the distinguishing characteristics of its people in a permanently impressive way. Dodona, with its rustling oaks, is the least successful of all the sketches. In The Elephant's Ear and The Swimmers Mr. White amplifies entertainingly other anecdotes in the work of Frontinus, but robs us of the pleasure of a complete surprise by prefixing the original Latin. In The Skewbald Panther a large amount of lore about Dacia would appeal to the historical student more than to the ordinary reader, but the part that concerns the wild beasts of the Roman arena and those of the audience will satisfy anybody whose taste is for the loathsome and the terrible; it may justly be called a 'thriller'. *Disvola* carries us in our imaginations to Italy of the fourteenth century. The last tale, The Flambeau Bracket, is the most original, and a compass of twenty pages could hardly do more for the lover of short stories.

Although, as I have indicated, the collection as a whole is most readable and worthwhile, some slips show that fallibility in author and printer which our common humanity requires. I shall merely question whether "Helen of Tiryms" (73) is a mistake of the speaker (a piece of ultra realism?), or one of Mr. White's; speak for fellow-Latinists against the spellings "Caius" and "Cneius"; object fussily to such expressions as "collogued", "whimmy", "worsen", "gloomed", in the midst of simple and admirable English; ask Thressa not to say (115) "to ever think" and Proculus not to query (267) "what kind of a beast is it"; and, finally, beg for a few more inches of water on the bar (241), so that the triremes could smash heads like melons under their cutwaters without being so amphibious as a 'tank'.

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A Political Ideal of the Emperor Hadrian. By William Dodge Gray. In the Annual Report of the American Historical Association for 1914, 1.113-124.

A Study of the Life of Hadrian Prior to his Accession. By William Dodge Gray. In *Smith College Studies in History*, 4.141-209 (April, 1919).